

## Armies of God Are Not Made Up of Men and Women Taken by Draft

"Billy" Sunday, in Preaching on the "Mercies of God," Says that God Never Owned a Slave.

### HE WANTS WILLING WORKERS

Text: "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." Romans, xii, 1.

We have here a call for volunteers, not an order for a draft. The armies of God are never made up of drafted men and women, ordered into service whether willing or not. God never owned a slave. God doesn't want you to do anything that you can't do without protest. This is not a call to hard duty, but an invitation to the enjoyment of a privilege. It is not a call to tread labor to take the hoe and go into the field, but the appeal of a loving father to his children to partake of all life has to give.

If there is nothing in you that will respond to God's appeal when you think of His mercies, I don't think much of you. The impelling motive of my text is gratitude, not fear. It looks to Calvary, not to Sinai. We are being entreated, not threatened. That's the amazing thing to me. To think that God would entreat us—would stand to entreat us! He is giving me a chance to show I love Him.

If you are not ready to offer it in gratitude, God doesn't want your service. He doesn't want you to serve Him through fear, but because you realize His love for you, and appreciate and respond to it. Just think if God has been good to us, how many times and how much has He been good to us!

**Never Too Busy for God's Work.**  
A business man who loves his wife will never be too busy to do something for her, never too busy to stop sometimes to think of how good she has been and what she has done for him. If men would only think of the things God has done for them there would be less of card playing, less thought of dinners and concerts and other diversions of the world. God wants us to sit down and think over His goodness to us. The man who doesn't isn't worth a nickel a bunch. Has God done anything for us as a nation, has He done anything for us as individuals, that commands our gratitude?

A man was out walking at night with his little daughter, and the stars were out and very bright. The little girl looked up into the shining vault of heaven, so thickly studded with the shining orbs, and said: "Let's count them, papa." And, beginning at one, she counted five, and twenty, and thirty, and forty, and fifty, and up to 100, and 150, and 200. And then she said: "Oh, I'm tired, papa. There are 100, I didn't know there were so many." Astronomers have counted 380,000,000 stars, and they have not yet commenced. Why, you might as well try to count God's mercies. You might as well try to count the drops of water in the sea or the grains of sand upon the shore, or the office-seekers after a presidential election. If, we only think, we shall say with David: "According to thy tender mercies."

**Too Many of God's Mercies to Count.**  
An old lady said one morning that she would try to count all God's mercies for that one day; but at noon she was becoming confused, and at 3 o'clock she threw up her hands and said: "They come three times too fast for me to count."

Just think of the things we have to be thankful for. A visitor to an insane asylum was walking through the grounds and as he passed one of the buildings he heard a voice from a barred window high up in the wall, and it said: "Stranger, did you ever thank God for your reason?" He had never thought of that before, but he says that he has thought of it every day since. Did you ever think that thousands of people who were just as good as you are, are beating their heads against the walls of padded cells? Did you ever think what a blessed thing it is that you are sane and you go about among men and live your daily duties and go home to be greeted by your wife and have your children climb about you? Did you, or you (pointing to individuals), ever thank God that you have a mind and can think? Did you ever thank God for your eyes? Did you ever thank Him that you can see the sunrise and the sunset and can see the flowers and the trees and look upon the storm? Did you ever thank God that you have two good eyes while so many others less fortunate than you must grope their way in blindness to the coffin?

Did you ever thank God for hearing? That you can hear music and the voices of friends and dear ones? That you can leave your home and business and come here and hear the songs and the preaching of the word of God? Did you ever think what it would mean to be deaf?

**God's Blessing to Be Thankful For.**  
Did you ever thank God for the blessing of taste? Some people can't tell whether they are eating sawdust and shavings or strawberries and ice cream. Think of the good things we enjoy! Others have tastes so vicious that they find it almost impossible to eat. God might have made our food taste like quinine. God might have made everything taste like garbage—but He didn't. Did you ever thank God that we don't have to hold our noses when we sit down to the table?

Did you ever thank God that you can breathe without pain? One person in every ten dies of consumption and you can breathe. Think how many women die of cancer, one out of eight—and you are free from it.

Did you ever thank God that you can sleep? If not, you ought to be kept awake for a month. Think of the thousands who suffer pain or insomnia so that they can sleep only under opiates. Did you ever wake up in the morning and thank God that you have had a good night's rest? If you haven't, God ought to keep you awake for a week, then you'd know you've had reason to be thankful.

Did you ever thank God for the doctors and nurses and hospitals? For the surgeon who comes with scalpel and trochar to save your life or relieve your sufferings? If it hadn't been for them you'd be under the grass. For the nurse who watches over you that you may be restored to health?

Did you ever thank God for the bread you eat, while so many others are hungry. Did you ever thank Him for the enemy who has been baffled, for the lie against you that has failed?

**Invalid 22 Years Thankful.**  
Out in Elgin, Ill., I was taken driving by a friend, and he said that he wanted me to go with him to see a man. He took me to see a man who was lying in bed, with arms most pitifully wasted by suffering. The poor fellow said he had been in bed for thirty-two years, but he wasn't worrying about that. He said he was so sorry for the well people who

don't know Jesus. I went out thanking God that I could walk. If your heart is not made of stone or adamant they will melt with gratitude when you think of the many mercies, the tender mercies, of God.

"Brethren"—that's what God calls His true followers. Not speaking from the loft, if there are any lessons we need to learn it is that of being "brethren." A friend of mine went to England to preach and one day spoke at a noonday meeting of workmen, presided over by the daughter of an earl. She said to those men: "You ought to be convinced that we of the aristocracy are interested in you people of the working class and in your problems, now that we bring this gentleman from America to speak to you." And they applauded, those workmen! And they cried: "Hear! Hear!" That will go in aristocratic England, where they bow and scrape to royalty, but it won't go in democratic America. Sinners are not called "brethren" in the Bible. God commands sinners. They are in rebellion. He entreats Christians. When Lincoln called for volunteers he addressed men as "citizens of the United States," not as foreigners.

**Sacrifice May Be Your Own.**  
The man who is appreciative of God's mercies will not have much mercy on himself. Don't stand up and say: "I'll do what Jesus did me to do, and go where He bids me to go," then go to bed. Present your bodies—not mine—not those of your wives; you must present your own. Present your bodies, not your neighbors, nor your children; it is their duty to do that. Do you trust God enough to let Him do what He wants to do?

Henry Varley said to Moody, when that great American was in England, that God is waiting to show this world what one man could do for Him. Moody said: "Varley, by the grace of God I'll be that man," and God took hold of Moody and shook the world with him. God would shake the world with us today if only we would present our bodies as living sacrifice to Him, as Moody did. Are you willing to present yourself? I am tired of a church of 500 or 700 members without power enough to bring one soul to Christ. I believe that the angels are leaning out of the battlements of glory tonight waiting to hear how you will answer this appeal to God.

At the opening of the civil war many a man was willing that the country should be saved by able bodied male relatives of his wife, who made themselves bullet-men, but he didn't go himself. God isn't asking for other men's bodies. He's asking for yours. If all you give to God what rightfully belongs to Him, tell you His love would create a commotion on earth and in hell. He has a hand in this campaign.

If God had the feet of some of you He would point your toes in different ways than you have been going for many years. If He had your feet He would never lead you into a booze joint. If He had your feet He would never send you into a saloon. If He had the feet of some of you He would make you wear out shoe leather lugging back what you've taken that doesn't belong to you. If God had your feet He would take you to prayer meetings. I'm afraid the preacher would have nervous prostration, for he hasn't seen some of you there. If God had your feet you'd find it harder to follow the devil. Some of you preachers have your children going to dancing school, and I hear some of you go to dances. He would make your daily walk conform to the golden rule and the sermon on the mount.

**God Can Make Your Hands Do Much.**  
Some people work only with their mouths. God wants that part that's on the ground. Some soldiers only sit around and smell coffee and watch the bacon fry. Some preachers need the cushions of their chairs upholstered much oftener than they need their shoes half-soled.

If God had your hands He would make you let go of a lot of things you hold so tightly they will drive you down hell. He would have you let go of some of the things you pay taxes on, but don't own, and He would make you let go of money to pay taxes on some that you do own. Some people are so busy muck-raking that they will lose a crown of glory hereafter. If God had your hands how many countess' tears you would wash away. A friend of mine bought a typewriter and when he tried to use it his fingers seemed to be all sticks, but now he can write 125 words a minute. Let God have your hands and He will make them do things that would make the angels wonder and applaud.

A young man went down to Thomasville, Ala., and while there was invited to a dress ball—or rather an undress ball, if what I have read about such affairs properly describes the uniforms. A young lady—a young lady with eyes like the dove and with beautiful tresses, came up to him and said to the young man, "Won't you pledge a glass of champagne with me?" The young man thanked her, but said, "No, I don't drink." "Not with me!" she asked, and smiled, and again he answered, "No." Then she said, "If I had thought you would refuse me I wouldn't have asked you and exposed myself to the embarrassment of a refusal. I don't suppose you would think me bold for speaking to you in this way, and I thought you might be lonely." A little later she came back to him and repeated her invitation. Again he said: "No." Others came up and laughed. He took it and hesitated. She smiled at him and he gave in and drank the champagne, then drank another glass and another, until he was flushed with it, then he danced. At 2 o'clock the next morning a man with a linen duster over his other clothes walked back upon a railroad station platform, waiting for a train for the north; and as he walked he would exclaim: "Oh, God!" and would pull a pint flask from his pocket and drink. "My God," he would say, "what will mother say?" Four months later in his home in Vermont, with his weeping parents by him and with four strong men to hold him down, he died of delirium tremens.

**Wanted His Purse Baptized.**  
The Epworth league's motto is: "Look up, lift up," but you'll never lift much up unless God has hold of your hands. Unless he has, you will never put your hands deep in your pocket up to the elbow and bring them up full of money for his cause. A man who was about to be baptized took out his watch and laid it aside, then he took out his knife and bank book and laid them aside. "Better give me your pocketbook to put aside for you," said the minister. "No," said the man, "I want it to be baptized, too."

There's no such thing as a bargain counter religion. Pure and undefiled religion will do more when God has something besides pennies to work with. God doesn't run any excursions to heaven. You must pay the full fare. Your religion is worth just what it costs you. If you get religion and then lie down and go to sleep your points will get as stiff

as Rip Van Winkle's did, and you'll never win the religious marathon.

A man said to his wife that he had heard the preacher say that religion is worth just what it costs, and that he had determined to give more for religion, and to deny more for religion, and to deny himself as well. "What will you give up?" she asked. He said that he would give up coffee, for he dearly loved coffee—used to drink several cups at every meal, the very best. She said that she would give up something, too—that she would give up tea. Then their daughter said she would give up some of her little pleasures, and the father turned to his son, Tom, who had been shoveling mashed potatoes, covered with chicken gravy, into his mouth, and he said: "I'll give up salt mackerel. I never did like the darned stuff anyway."

**God Wants Best We Have.**  
There are too many salt mackerel people like that in the pews of our churches today. They will take something that they don't like, and that nobody else will have, and give it to the Lord. That isn't giving for God. He wants the best we have.

God turns down the man who merely lives a moral life and does not accept the religion of Jesus Christ. You must come with Jesus' blood. If a man gives his wife a 10-cent pin cushion at Christmas to show how much he loves her, he's a greater devil's stick on. How thankful you are depends on how much you are willing to sacrifice.

What would you think of a soldier if when he was ordered "Present arms!" he would answer, "Tomorrow." If he would say: "When the next man to me does." If he should say: "When I get a new uniform." Present—that means now. It is in the present tense. God wants us to make a present of our bodies to Him—because we love Him.

A little girl showed to a man some presents she had received, and he asked her: "How long may you keep them?" "How long?" she answered, "Why, they were given to me. They are mine."

Many a man gives his boy a colt or a calf, then when it has grown to a horse or a cow he sells it and pockets the money. Some of you fellows need to do a little thinking along that line. When we give God our body it is to be His for keeps.

**Many Men Will Rob God.**  
If when you make a present you do not mean to give it outright you are not honest. Will a man rob God? You bet he will—a heap quicker than he will rob anyone else.

Bishop Taylor promised God that he would do as much hard thinking and planning for Him as he would do for another man for money. He did it. So did Wesley and Whitfield and Savanarola, and look what they did for God! If there is any better way of doing God's business than there was 100 years ago, for God's sake do it! He's entitled to the best there is. This thing of just ringing the church bell will get people to come is about played out.

**God's Time Right Now.**  
I tell you any time is God's time. Now is God's time. It was God's set time to teach us about electricity long before Franklin discovered it, but nobody had sense enough to learn. It was God's time to give us the electric light long before Edison invented it, but nobody had sense enough to understand it. It was God's set time to give us the steam engine long before Watts watched the kettle boil and saw it puff the lid off, but nobody had sense enough to grasp the idea.

Give yourself to God, and you'll find yourself doing lots of things for Him. Dwight L. Moody was a shoe salesman and never discovered the power that was in him until God got hold of him and set him to work. Jerry McCauley was an old wharf rat until he gave himself as a living sacrifice to God. Andrew the Humble was an obscure and lowly man until God took him in hand.

**Does Not Want Long Faces.**  
What a face your face will be when God puts His shine on it. If you are one of the long-faced brand of Christians, get rid of it. God never put such a face on you. That's the kind of a face the Pharisees wore, and Jesus said, "they lengthened their faces to make themselves had religion." When a man tries to make himself without asking God to help him, he will make a face as long as a smokestack. I tell you, the devil will bank his fires and go to church to hear a man like that give testimony. God doesn't want you to look and act as if religion affected you like a toothache or a corn. If it does, it isn't God's kind.

If God Almighty only had possession of your mouths, He'd stop your lying. If He had your mouths, He'd stop your knocking.

**How Little Are You Doing?**  
If God had our eyes we'd bring the millennium. His eyes run to and fro through the world seeking for men to serve Him, and if He had our eyes, how our eyes would run to and fro looking for ways to help bring men to Christ. How hard it would be for sinners to get away. We would be looking for drunkards and the prostitutes and down-and-outs, to lift and save them. How many sorrowful hearts we would find and soothe, how many griefs we would alleviate! Great God, how little you are doing! Don't you feel ashamed? Aren't you looking for a knothole to crawl through? If God had our eyes, how many would stop looking at a lot of things that make us proud and unclean and selfish and critical and un-Christian.

God wants you to give your body. Are you afraid to give it to Him? Are you afraid of the doctor when you are sick? Your body—that thing that sits up here in the chair and sings, that thing that sits there and writes editorials, that body which can show Jesus Christ to fallen sons of Adam better than any angel—that's what God wants. God wants you to bring it to Him and say: "Take it, God, it's Yours." If He had your body disposition, over-eating and under-sleeping would stop, for the body is holy ground. We dare not abuse it.

**God Wants You a Living Sacrifice.**  
God wants your body as a living sacrifice, not a dead one. There's too many dead ones. A time was when God was satisfied with a dead sacrifice. Under old Jewish law sheep would be. He wants my body now when I'm alive and not when I am dead and the undertaker is waiting to carry it out to the cemetery, but the day of that dispensation is past, and now He wants you a living sacrifice, a real sacrifice. A traveling man who wants to make his wife a present, and sits up all night in the train instead of taking a berth for \$2, and uses the \$2 to buy a present for his wife, makes a real sacrifice for her. There never was a victory without sacrifice. Socrates advanced the doctrine of immortality and died with a cup of poisoned hemlock. Jesus Christ paid with a crown of thorns. Abraham Lincoln paid with a bullet in his head. If you mean to give yourself as a sacrifice to God, get out and work for Him. Ask men to come to Him.

"Acceptable unto the Lord." If he were true, then this old desert world

would blossom like Eden. If that were taken as our watchword, what a stampede of short yardsticks, shrunken measures, light weights, adulterated foods, etc., there would be! What a stopping of the hitting up of booze! There would be no more living in sin and keeping somebody on the side, no more of you old deacons coming down the aisles stroking your whiskers and renting your buildings for houses of ill fame!

"Your reasonable service." God never asks anything unreasonable. He is never exacting. He only asks rights when He asks you to forsake sin. A man must be an idiot if he does not see that man is unreasonable when unrighteous. God never made a law to govern you by. You wouldn't have made if you had known as much as God knows. You don't know that much and never can, so the only sensible thing to do is to obey God's laws. Faith never asks explanations.

**God Never Asked Anything Hard.**  
God asks some things that are hard, but never any that are unreasonable. I beseech you, brethren, it was hard for Abraham to take his son up on the mountain and prepare to offer him up as a sacrifice to God, but God had a reason. Abraham understands tonight and Abraham is satisfied. It was hard for Joseph to be torn from his own people and to be sold into Egypt, and to be lied about by that miserable woman, torn from his mother and father, but God had a reason. Joseph knows tonight, and Joseph is satisfied. It was hard for Moses to lead the Jews from Egypt, following the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, and make that crossing of the Red Sea, only to have God call him up to Mount Pisgah and show him the promised land and say: "Moses, you can't go in." It was hard, but God had a reason. Moses understands tonight, and Moses is satisfied. It was hard for Job to lose his children and all that he possessed and to be afflicted with boils, and to be so miserable that only Patience, his wife, remained with him. But God had a reason. Job understands tonight, and Job is satisfied.

It was a hard thing God asked of Paul of Tarsus—to bear witness to Him at Rome and Ephesus, to face those jarring heathens, to suffer imprisonment and be beaten with forty stripes, and finally to put his head on the block and have it severed by the order of old Nero, but God had a reason. Paul understands tonight, and Paul is satisfied.

It was a hard thing God asked of Jesus—to leave the sons of the angels and the presence of the redeemed and glorified and come down to earth to be born amid the malodors of a stable, and be forced to flee from post to post, and dispute with the learned doctors in the temple at 12 years of age, and confute them, and to still the storm and the troubled waters, and to say to the blind, "Be whole," and finally to be betrayed by one of His own followers and to be murdered through a conspiracy of Jews and Gentiles; but now He sits on the throne with the Father, waiting for the time to judge the world. Jesus understands, and Jesus is satisfied.

It was a hard thing for me when God told me to leave home and go out into the world to preach the Gospel, and to be vilified and libeled and have one's life threatened and be denounced, but when my time comes, when I have preached my last sermon, and I can go home to God and the Lamb, He'll say, "Bill, this was the reason." I'll know what it all meant, and I'll say, "I'm satisfied, God, I'm satisfied."

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**HOURS FOR DES MOINES SPECIAL TRAIN ARE SET**

The Des Moines people who are coming to Omaha to attend the "Billy" Sunday meetings Sunday will leave the Iowa city at 11:05 o'clock Saturday night over the Rock Island. They will remain here for the morning, afternoon and evening meetings, and depart for home at 1:30 o'clock Monday morning. Indications from this end of the line indicate that there will be about 200 in the party.

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